

THE INKWELL

Volume VI

ARMSTRONG JUNIOR COLLEGE, SAVANNAH, GA., MAY 1, 1941

No. 7

'41 Geechee Goes To Press

Will Be Released Next Month.

The Editor-in-Chief of the "Geechee", Raymond Monsalvatge, announced on April 23 that the "Geechee" was in the hands of the publishers. While reluctant to state definitely the day on which the annual would be distributed to the student body, Mr. Monsalvatge was fairly certain that it would be released about the middle of May. On whatever day our yearbook appears, we are confident that it will meet with an enthusiastic reception from the students. Congratulations to Editor Monsalvatge and his competent staff!

EMIL BLAIR BECOMES ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Several Changes in Inkwell Staff

Emil Blair, popular Armstrong sophomore, was recently promoted to the rank of associate editor on the Inkwell staff.

Mr. Blair's newspaper experience is considerable. Coming to Armstrong from Savannah High School where he worked on the staff of the Blue and White, he served one year as a reporter on the Inkwell. This year his rise has been rapid. Starting as exchange editor in the fall of 1940, he quickly rose to the newly-created make-up department. He served well in this capacity until the first of April when he was elevated to his present post of associate editor.

Other changes on the staff include the promotion of Ruth Cargill and Sarah Griffin and Sterly Lebey reporters to columnists.

Armstrong Takes Big Part In Paper Festival

Miss Dorothy Newton, one of Armstrong's own freshmen girls, represented the college during the week of the Paper Festival as "Miss Chatham County". A number of students participated in the parades, and the entire student body was represented by two large figures in the mummers parade.

Twenty-seven local organizations were asked to choose a young lady to represent their respective groups. Of these twenty-seven pictures Miss Newton was chosen. The princesses were entertained with receptions, balls, and luncheons during the week of the festival.

The students on the paper festival committee from the college were Irving Victor, Sarah Griffin, Billy Parr, Kathryn Hendricks, Maude West, George Carlock, Ed Bennet, Walter Lowe, Joe Craig, Pat Watson, Catherine Morrell, Jean Gilchrist, Dot Finch, Gilbert Helmkin, Richard Braithwaite, Francis DeCourt, and Perry Reynolds.

The students in the parade were, with the cat, Bobby Blake, Joe Craig, Walter Lowe, Gilbert Helmkin, and Allan Laird; with the pig, George Carlock, Richard Braithwaite, Pat Watson, Billy Parr, Ed Bennet, and Francis DeCourt.

Riding in the hacks were Kathryn Hendricks, Perry Reynolds, Theodore Daffner, Bob Horn, Jeanne Patterson, Eloise Parker, Richard Jackson, Helen Kibler, and Irving Victor.

GLEE CLUB SINGS AT ASSEMBLY

Helen Kibler Heard in Solo

The Glee Club has been actively participating in the assemblies held in the Auditorium. Although reduced in size the Club makes up its size through the quality of music and the manner in which it is presented to the student body.

At the assembly last Thursday the Glee Club presented "Pilgrims' Chorus" from Tannhauser. Featured on the program by Helen Kibler, soprano solo. The song rendered was "Juanita". The student body also joined in the singing.

Under Mr. R. M. Strahl's constant guidance the standards of the organization have been steadily rising. For the commencement exercises the Glee Club is rehearsing "Listen to the Lambs" by Delt. The song is an extremely difficult one and only after Mr. Strahl felt the Club was capable of handling such a number did he begin practice on it.

Playhouse To Have Guest Artist

Gloria Stuart To Perform

The Savannah Playhouse of Armstrong Junior College will bring to a triumphant close its fifth anniversary season on May 19, when the last show of the year, starring Gloria Stuart, guest artist of Broadway and Hollywood, will begin.

This show will climax a season that has matched and surpassed any other in the existence of the Playhouse. The presentations have been varied to give Savannah audiences a sophisticated comedy of manners in "Hayfever", a homespun drama of smalltown life in "Our Own", and a thrilling psychological mystery in "Ladies in Retirement".

Freshmen elected to the Theatre Board during the last season are Maud West, Julia Storer, Carolyn Williams, Selma Jaworek, Augusta Montague, Rachel Jones, Edward Javetz, Betty Collins, Mary Ann Hood, Elizabeth Lee, Helen Kibler. These students have shown themselves capable of carrying on the work of the theatre next year.

Foreign Relations Council Presents Round Table Talks

To Be a Bi-Weekly Feature

The Foreign Relations Council has recently inaugurated a successful series of round table discussions on current affairs. The first of these discussions was held Friday, March 28, at 7:30, over Station WSAV. The subject was "The United States and Latin America". The participants were: Irving Victor, David Barnett, Richard Braithwaite, William Coyle,

Georgia Collegiate Press Association To Meet In Savannah

W. G. Carleton To Speak At Graduation

Is Political Scientist From Univ. of Fla.

Dr. William G. Carleton, associate professor of political science and chairman of the social science course in the general college, University of Florida, in Gainesville, will deliver the commencement address at the June graduation of Armstrong. The graduation exercises will be held on June 2.

Dr. Carleton is a member of the American Historical Association; Mississippi Valley Historical Association; Florida Academy of Sciences; and the Gainesville Rotary Club.

He has the bachelor of arts, the master of arts, and juris doctor degrees. He speaks frequently before civic, business, professional, and educational organizations throughout Florida. He was speaker for the Democratic National Committee in 1928, in 1932, and in 1936.

Evidenced by the vast experience to his credit Dr. Carleton will no doubt prove to be one of the most beneficial and most interesting speakers ever to address the college.

Spring Fashion Show Pictures Miss Armstrong

One of the interesting features of Savannah's Third Annual Paper Festival was the spring fashion show presented by the Home Economics Club of Armstrong,

at the Municipal Auditorium on Friday evening, April 18. Suits, sport clothes, bathing suits, play suits, slacks, dainty afternoon dresses and gorgeous formals were modeled by the girls. The show was under the direction of Miss

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Fencing Is Revived at Armstrong

By PERRY REYNOLDS

Despite the fact that in the spring young men's fancies reputedly turn to thoughts of love, around the campus of Armstrong the chirp of the birds and soft kiss of Zephyrus have awakened an even more primitive instinct: that of self preservation.

The rebirth of the universe also saw the rebirth of a sport which has long lain dormant among our students, namely, fencing. Time usually spent day-dreaming at this time of the year was employed in cleaning up foils and masks, which, like Little Boy Blue's toy soldier, were all covered with rust.

Under the capable tutelage of Mr. Richard Braithwaite, the would-be swordsmen may be seen

hacking away at each other almost any afternoon, but especially on Tuesdays and Thursdays. After several weeks a number of pupils have obtained sufficient skill to have large amounts of skin knocked off their hands.

The remarkable part of the practice matches is the grace and agility which the contestants possess (they think). Movements which seem so gazelle-like to the participants present to the onlooker a reasonable exact facsimile of a cock fight.

However, this recreation does afford an opportunity for the use of French, even if only to the extent of "en garde". In addition, it develops a Stoic character, and well, it keeps them off the streets.

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SENIOR WEEK

In a large number of colleges and universities in this country there is what is observed as "Senior Week". This occasion usually comes during the spring quarter. For one week the members of the senior class are granted special privileges, both by the administration and also co-operating business people of the city.

An outstanding feature of the event is that all the seniors are required to wear a special inexpensive coat which bears the name of the college or university. These coats not only add to the amusement, but also serve more or less as publicity agent for the institution it represents.

"Senior Week" is one of those things a young person looks forward to in a college. It adds a great deal to the traditions of the school and makes the student feel that he is in a bona fide college.

LOOKING FORWARD

The college student has always been referred to as the epitome of intelligence. This observance, however, is to be doubted. No proof better than the present situation bears out this fact. At present the United States is facing a critical decision and an enormous task in her destiny as a world power.

Every passing day draws this country closer to the epoch-making climax of the great problem, and we—the college students—are utterly oblivious or indifferent to the true path of political chasm through which the United States is hurtling.

Surely it is common sense that we, the future leaders of this country, should manifest grave concern and give deep thought to the involving elements of the present situation.

Let us rouse ourselves from perfidious and indifferent slumber. Wake up to our duties which have already begun—that of trying to grasp the real truth of the present course of events and the United States' part in this international crisis.

Shrouded as the facts are by insidious propaganda—Nazi, Allied, and our own—it will be a difficult task to keep the truth in view. We must exercise great care and profound concern for our country and above all prepare ourselves for the rebuilding of our proud civilization from the chaos to which it will have descended.

THE INKWELL

Armstrong from the Balcony

Allan Laird's last letter from Columbia was so loud that he had to hang it on the wall and walk across the room to read it. This prove that he needs "Charles Atlas muscles."

Josephine Elliott had a soldier with her at the last Playhouse production.

Margaret McLeod sticks to "Hen-pecked" Harley like the ocean to the beach.

This Billy Shearouse—Bootsy Cafeiro affair is still going strong.

It looks as if Bowyer has opened her summer fishing season by set-



ting her line out for Craig who, by the way, fell hook, line and sinker.

Joe Berg doesn't believe that blondes are dangerous. He is seen very frequently with Helen Kibler.

"Porky" Hughes started the baseball season with a double header last week-end with Ethel Hill, and a triple header on Sunday.

We are glad to say that Harry Eubanks and Mary Arnett are on the happy road to romance again.

Martha Williams has us all wondering whose telephone is 2-0166. It's all a dark secret for Martha.

Orville Heckmann was seen walking down Broughton street last Saturday night holding hands with Caroline Martin.

Joe Jenkins has turned to S. H. S. girls. This time it's Ann Askew.

Bound To Be Read

by Joe Livingston

A newspaper man, when asked what's new, should reply (according to the books), "Nothing's new. It's the same old thing happening to different people."

This month it looks like "nothing is happening much to anybody anyhow."

We have a little "human interest" story in one of A. J. C.'s most popular trios; namely Dot Finch, Martha Hahn, and Elsa Schweizer. The other day in Humanities Mr. Kestler, in the passing discussion, made a remark about "good nights on the front porch". At this the Misses Finch, Hahn, and Schweizer looked at each other as if to say "Well, well fancy that" or "Little does he know . . ." There are any number of accepted translations.

The question we wish to ask is this—which one of the comely lasses is it that the other two are so concerned over? (Or would it be one concerned over two, or—one over all three?)

Sorry are we that the code of ethics of a Southern gentleman forbids the publishing of one's own interpretation after careful observation.

A dog sat on the burning deck—Flames leaped up around his neck—

Hot dog!

The Paper Festival has come and gone. Once again the city has returned to normalcy after so festive an occasion. I say the city has returned to normal but not some of its inhabitants — nay! Reason: Thirty some-odd princesses. Some were pretty, some were cute, some

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Winnifred Fulghum has decided that Roy Morehouse isn't first in her heart after all. Who is it now, Winnie?

Charles Simon and Selma Jaworek have patched up all their troubles. Things look O. K. now.

Elsa Schweizer certainly wishes that Monsalvatge would give the A. J. C. girls a break.

What girl left home last Sunday to avoid seeing her ex-flame (R. F.). Handsome Huddy is slipping as far as Caroline Garrick is concerned.

Carolyn Williams seems to have something Frances Bruce hasn't. How about it, Carl?

Joe Livingston sure fell for Princess Mary Black from Beaufort during the Paper Festival.

"Tillie Ann" Durden must believe in the saying, "There is something about a soldier", because she has certainly turned to T. Deffner, without delay.

Audrey Newton is receiving letters from the Citadel these days. It's a pity the Citadel isn't co-ed college, eh, kid.

Oscar and Ethel had a little misunderstanding, but everything seems O. K. now.

Rose Ann Dismukes is still very nice to Big John.

"La Conga" Blake may think he's competition for A. L., but Allan says it's only propaganda.

Everybody at A. J. C. is wondering who those two Romeos are whom Mary Hinely and Emma Clemens were showing around the school the other day.

Adaline Ralston has been humming "Billy Boy" around the campus for the past few days.

There are no new developments on the Ryan-Lebey affair. We assume that Tony and Sterly are still "That Way" about each other.

When will Sarah Griffin give the boys at A. J. C. a break?

Male Straphanger: "Madam you are standing on my foot."

Lady: "I beg your pardon, I thought it belonged to the man sitting down."

From Here And There

College Bred—A four year loaf from dad's dough.

A man who continues to blow his horn usually stays at the little end.

Soft soap is the best thing for dirty looks.

Swiped

Then there was the Southern gentleman who hated the Yankees so much that he told his son that Santa Claus lived at the South Pole.

No Joke

"Father", said the small son, "what is psychology?"

"Psychology, my son, is a word

of four syllables that you bring in to distract attention when the explaining gets too difficult.

Hyphen

Have you ever noticed the queer smell in the library? That's the dead silence that's kept there.

"The suspense is killing me", said the Arkansas horse thief as he hung at the end of the rope.

Hyphen

First farmer: "Potatoe bugs ate my whole crop in 10 days."

Second farmer: "They ate mine

in two days, and then roosted in

the trees to see if I'd plant some more."

Seed merchant: "That's nothing,

There's a couple over there now

looking through my books to see

who has ordered seeds for next

spring.

Cauldron

One swallow doesn't make a sum-

mer, but a couple of swallows of

whiskey may mean an early fall.

Cadet Bugler

Memorandum to all model stu-

dents: A model is only a small imi-

tation of the real thing.

Periscope

There are meters of measure

There are meters of tone

But the best meter of all

Is to meter at home.

The Southeastern

Sad Story

"If you refuse me," he said "I

shall die".

She refused him.

Sixty years later he died.

Teacher: "Who gave us this

beautiful school?"

Pupil: "President Roosevelt."

Teacher: "Who keeps our roads

so nice?"

Pupil: "President Roosevelt."

Teacher: "Who makes the trees

and flowers grow?"

Pupil: "God".

Voice from the rear. "Throw that

Republican out."

Pointer

He who can does. He who cannot

teaches.

George Anne

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Letters to the Editor



Dear Editor:

In reply to your question, "What do I think of the war and its effect on young people's behavior?", I submit the following statement:

"The war is detrimental to the morals of young people. We are prone to allow ourselves privileges which we otherwise wouldn't consider. We assume a live-for-the present attitude that is definitely unChristianlike. What can be done done about it? Simply follow the lesson to be derived from the story below.

"Long ago in a country far away there lived a prince who had a crooked back. It distressed him greatly. He wondered how he would look if his back were straight.

"In the same country there lived a very talented sculptor. The sculptor knew of the prince's unhappiness so he made a statue of the prince which was exactly like him except that a straight back was substituted for the crooked one.

"The prince was very pleased. He had the statue placed in a secret garden and every day he would stand before the image and stare. As time went on people began to notice a remarkable change in the prince. His back began to straighten out. After a while it was completely straight. The prince was happier than he had ever been before."

If we, in molding our personalities, would keep before us the image of The Perfect One, how much better this would be! If we would only follow Him at all times we would be happier indeed.

Very sincerely,

R. C.

Dear Editor:

What is wrong with freshmen at Armstrong when it comes to extra curricular activities? At the rate they're joining the clubs, when the present sophomores graduate all the organizations on the campus will die a natural death from lack of members. What is the matter?

The freshmen will claim that they are so overburdened with studies that they don't have time for anything else; but the number of freshmen on the Dean's List is remarkably small in proportion to the size of the class. This would seem to indicate that our fledglings are not studying as hard as they would have us think. What then are they doing? They are most certainly not engaged in extra curricular activities. And it isn't because the activities are uninteresting. There is no wider variety of fascinating and worthwhile organizations on any campus than there is on Armstrong's.

Bound To Be Read

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were fun, a few were beautiful, and some were!

Various male members of A. J. C. had their several varied choices; of course, there's no guessing as to Sig's choice. Bob Finch, whom we met every night, catered to a certain blonde element; Bill Summerville was torn between two ties, but the episode in the garden was his choicest, and Harvard Pitts, who was an official escort drew a "Jones" (so he says) the first night.

This column's selections would run something like this:

For the best all around, considering every phase in other winds, our choice for queen would have been without doubt, Dot Newton.

To break it down to specific runner-up characteristics:

For the prettiest we would name Miss Juanita Garret of Wayne, a lovely blonde expression teacher.

For the best personality Miss Mary O'Neal of Blackshear in Pierce county takes the prize (we did research there).

The cutest by far was Miss Mary Black of Beaufort, S. C.. We have never seen a girl tagged so frequently at a dance. It was one steady process. So much for that.

Washa time?

Ish two o'clock.

How ya know?

Looked at the sun dial with my flash light.

Hyphen

Cute little Emma "Jitterbug" Clemens found the Moon Rocket at the Carnival just a little too much for her stomach. She was ill for three days. At least it is the rocket she blames and not the company.

Of course, women have given up the fact, long ago, that men will ever learn. The opposite isn't true, however. Nevertheless, some women fail miserably in discounting the fact that men are loyal to men, first, last, and always. Some of the fairer sex fail to realize that when they give one young gentleman a shabby deal for another, the one receiving the favor can not, if he is human, help but resent it and holds it against the unfortunate lass. Need we cite actual cases?

This column's nomination for A. J. C.'s Beach Girl is none other than Selma Jaworek.

Was it Shelley who said: "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"? Anyway the eminent David Middleton says that "In Spring a young man has fancy thoughts."

The thoughts, however, are restricted due to the fact that lessons in Ye Olde Institute are confining the roving aspirations of inspired youth to the pitfalls and drudgery of text books.

This is all that time will allow. It's too bad time didn't run out sooner, eh, wot?

Bye now.
The Colonel

Yet the Flying Club has ONE freshman member, the Foreign Relations Council boasts of four, the Inkwell staff has three, the Geechee staff has the wonderful total of six, the Music Club has four, and so on down the whole list of college organizations. Something must be done to remedy this unfortunate situation. The cooperation of the entire student body, freshman and sophomore alike, is needed.

S. G.

To Me You're Like
The Fragrant Lily

KATHERINE HENDRICKS

To me you're like the fragrant lily,
Pure and undefiled.

The moon and stars enhance your
beauty,

Chaste and unbeguiled.

You are like the purple iris,
Symbol of the true of heart;
Plumbing unknown depths of cour-
age,

Strong to do your part.

Then, too, you're like the blushing
rose,

That blooms in the garden of
God;

Never to fade and created to dwell
where only the angels have trod.

The Summer Day

by Emil Blair

The world below crawls
Amidst the intense waves of
heat.

The sun for hours stalls.
The world is filled with buzzing
heads and burning feet.

A struggling breeze fades
Into a wisp or dry hot air.
No relieving shades.

The burning devils leave man
but to sweat and swear.

A beggar slouches
In the meager shades of a door.
The newsboy crouches,
Life burning feet and heavy
heart from the hot floor.

A shriveled up leaf
Between a crack in the side-walk
Pleads for some relief,
While around its withered form
stooped shadows stalk.

The coming night brings
Momentary relief from pain.
A lonely bird sings.
Then too soon comes the day,
the sun—all this again.

The world below crawls
Amidst the intense waves of
heat.

The sun for hours stalls.
The world is filled with buzzing
heads and burning feet.

The Chemistry
Of Love

By MARY HINELY

My heart is a little atom whirling
thru space;

Positive then negative charges
seem to regulate its pace.
Its beats are corpuscular wave
charges of light,

In whose instability of valence it
seems to delight.

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Paper Festival as Seen by Dot Newton

Editor's Note: Miss Dot Newton, attractive co-ed of Armstrong, represented Chatham County in the recent Paper Festival. The following exclusive interview gives Miss Newton's impressions of the Festival.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 16, the princesses representing the various counties and cities in Georgia and South Carolina began to arrive and meet in the Gold Room of the Hotel DeSoto, where the registration took place. The morning was spent in getting acquainted with each other.

At first the representatives of what is considered as the elite of Southern pulchritude were rather bashful. However under the congenial atmosphere at the hotel and the general friendliness that prevailed the tension was eased and all shyness abandoned. Within a short time the princesses followed the tradition of womanhood, and soon everybody knew the name, home, height, weight, the "exquisite style of hair dress that was boasted."

The escorts for the evening were selected in the following manner: The princesses each drew a number, and then the prospective gentlemen drew theirs. Those numbers that matched indicated the dates. This system was carried out during the entire Festival. When asked if she had selected a tall, handsome army officer, Miss Newton has been on the go so frequently that she has had no time for rest. As a result she is now a tired little lass, but with happy memories.

Another close acquaintance of Miss Newton was Miss Dorothy Parker, princess from Ridgeland, South Carolina. Miss Parker participated in the recent Azalea Festival as a representative from Ridgeland.

A general mixup with sur-names existed in two adjoining rooms in the hotel. In the two rooms there were three Dorothy's and three Mary's, and when Dorothy would be called instead of a flashing blue-eyed blonde responding to the called, a dazzling brunette would answer.

During the course of the three days the princesses visited the Yacht Basin where they watched hydroplane races. They also were taken to the DeSoto Beach Club and a tour through Tybee. The Air Base was inspected by the fair damsels. Among the other facilities at the airport the princesses were taken through the bombers on the field.

An amusing incident occurred at the field. A plane abruptly turned around and its prop-wash enveloped the dainty damsels. The mechanics enjoyed the spectacle.

LAPEL PATRIOTISM

The College Cardinal, Hibbing, Minnesota.

A cheap show of patriotism arises every time there is a war in the world that manufactured ten-cent trinkets of the flag affects us. Some people commercialize this fact; it is these opportunists who have manufactured other national insignia, and put them on sale with the hope of financial gain. The inference seems to be, that if one is patriotic, he will wear a button or pin to proclaim the fact. This is superficial reasoning. Patriotism cannot be put on and worn in the form of a lapel pin; it must be in the very marrow of those sincere Americans who have always believed and practiced it in years of peace as well as during crisis.

Keenly analyzed, their commercial exhibition, their encouragement of mere display is a sacrilege. One might just as well take advantage of an increase in religious piety by selling socks or china decorated with crosses, button declaring "I am a Christian" and the like.

GOOD VERSUS
BAD PATRIOTS

The George Anne, Georgia Teachers College.

During the present world crisis when our country is geared up to a dizzy speed in its drive to arm to the teeth and greatly increase our national defense little thought is given to the type of patriots we have. True, if you aren't a patriot you'll end up in trouble, but there is no ban put on the means by which you work yourself into a religious fervor of loyalty to your country. Just so you are a patriot it's all right.

We challenge this viewpoint. America wants no blind, prejudiced, and uncompromising state worshipers such as they have in most of the countries of Europe. We want no suspicious supercilious standards bearers of Americanism. We want no men who build up nationalism at the expense of creating race hatred; and we desire no men who become such blinded followers of our flag that they deny the right of existence to any other.

